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1920

# YULETIDE MUSINGS

BY

LOTTIE C. SMITH





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THO' many eyes on you may look,  
From North, or South, or East, or West,  
I dedicate you, Little Book,  
To the friends I love the best.



## *Yuletide*

**I** LOVE to see each ruddy face  
One meets this time of year,  
When all the world seems friendly,  
And Christmas-tide is near.

*I love to snuggle in warm fur  
And face the falling snow,  
To feel the soft flakes 'gainst my face,  
And hear the sharp winds blow.*

*I love the windows of the shops  
Where waiting gifts are seen,  
Made bright with holly berries red,  
And leaves of polished green.*

*I love to listen to the sound  
Of many passing feet,  
And mingle with the jolly crowd  
That throngs the busy street.*

*I love to have my arms piled high  
With bundles, large and small,  
While jostled by the passers-by:  
I love it! Love it all!*





## Good-bye, Old Year!

GOOD-BYE, Old Year! Once more, good-bye!  
I grieve to hear you moan and sigh:  
I grieve to know that you must die!

*Bent with care I know you are,  
Bruised your heart, with many a scar;  
And stained your sword with bloody war.*

*You have brought me joy and woe;  
Yet I 've learned to love you so!  
Bless me once, before you go!*

*Your locks with age are snowy white---  
I must not stay your onward flight;  
Until Eternity---Good night!*



## Sleigh Bells

**R**ING out, ye merry jingling bells!  
Clear and sweet your music swells  
On the crisp and wintry air,  
Sending echoes everywhere.

The moon, her shining face aglow,  
Sends our shadows 'cross the snow;  
And as we swiftly skim along,  
I listen to the sleigh bells' song.

The bright stars watch us from the sky  
As our sleigh goes gliding by,  
Like an undulating wave  
Wherein my happy soul doth lave.

Ring out, ye bells! Merrily ring!  
Oh, what pleasure you can bring!  
So very joyous is your song:  
Merrily, merrily glide along!



To a Wren

BLESSINGS on you, little wren!  
I am wondering where you 've been  
Since the winter winds that blow  
Brought their ice, and sleet, and snow.

But since your joyous song I hear,  
My heart is filled with hope and cheer.  
Blessings on you, little wren!  
I 'm glad that you are here again!



## The Old for the New

OLD YEAR, I 've loved you well; too well;  
And yet for you I shed no tear,  
No more to you my secrets tell:  
I 'll whisper them to this New Year;  
And Oh, I know he 'll do his part  
And lock them close within his heart.

Old Year, again I say good-bye;  
We 've walked together, oh, so long!  
You 've caused me many and many a sigh,  
Yet oft you 've filled my heart with song.  
This is the parting of the ways;  
Good-bye to you, and all your days!





## *To the New Year*

*MY* sweet New Year, I greet you!  
Memory's broken toys  
I leave with the Old Year---  
You bring new life, new joys.

*With outstretched hands I greet you!*  
Your breath is like the morn;  
Your smiles cover memory---  
Again new hopes are born.

*With love I meet and greet you!*  
Give me your brave, strong hand,  
And lead me swiftly onward:  
'T is dangerous here to stand.



## King Winter

A BRILLIANT map he has unrolled,  
Its wondrous beauties to unfold.

Poets ever sing of Spring,  
Passing by this lordly king;  
Majestic is he, and so cold!  
But I like his manner bold.

Loud he sings, yet rich and deep,  
Never taking time to sleep.  
No lisping summer song from him;  
Outside my window, stern and grim  
He stands, and sings his own grand rhyme,  
And on my window blinds beats time.

A carpet o'er the earth he throws,  
Made of softest, whitest snows;  
And the trees, once bare and brown,  
Wear the king's own jeweled crown;  
Gems their icy fingers wear:  
Diamonds, diamonds, everywhere!



*The ragweeds dead, and dull with rust,  
He covers with his sparkling dust;  
And the fence once gray, now white,  
Gleams with sapphires in the light.  
Ah, when King Winter passes by,  
His beauty dazzles every eye !*

*He rocks my house and loudly sings,  
And Oh, the joy his singing brings !  
His voice sounds like the rolling deep,  
And lulls my weary eyes to sleep.  
We are friends, this king and I,  
And I am glad when he is nigh.*



## Greeting

WITH love I welcome you, New Year,  
And beg that you may bring good cheer.  
So young you are! I never guessed!  
Come, lay your head upon my breast,  
And smile and dimple while you may,  
For this, my sweet, is your birthday.  
To think, before another year,  
Old will you be, and bent, and sere!

You do not know, you little king,  
What joy or pain to us you 'll bring.  
Hand in hand with Love you 'll go,  
Breaking many hearts, I know;  
But, you pretty, dimpled thing,  
Surely, surely you will bring  
More of joy and less of woe  
To this world, ere you must go.

Will you bring me some sweet pleasures  
Giving me your fullest measures?  
I know that mercy is a part  
Of secrets hidden in your heart.  
Welcome, then, since you are born;  
But you surely are forlorn,  
You are so tiny---Come and rest  
Your baby head against my breast!





## Meditation

**F**IRE crackles in the open grate,  
The swinging kettle sings,  
And here, within my cosy room,  
Are dear familiar things;  
And, roaring in the chimney top,  
The friendly wind I hear:  
There's every evidence of home,  
And every sign of cheer.  
Again my hopes are born anew,  
For all day long I think of you.

I hear beneath each passing foot  
The muffled crunch of snow;  
I see it piled on bush and tree,  
And storm clouds hanging low;  
But here in sheltered solitude  
My old warm prints I see,  
And in the fitful firelight  
They beckon and nod to me.  
Yet I keep wishing my dreams were true,  
While all day long I think of you.



*In dark straight rows along the walls  
And in the chimney nooks,  
I see the well-worn bindings  
Of my best beloved books;  
My big brown chair caresses me,  
And Oh, its arms are warm,  
As I snuggle in its homey depths  
Away from the winter storm.  
But I 'm wishing for joys I never knew  
As all day long I think of you.*

*I hear the high treble of childish song,  
And the rippling laughter of youth,  
As they hurry by in the flying snow,  
With hearts that are merry, forsooth;  
And in the frost on the window-pane  
There is feather, and fern, and tree.  
Oh, there 's beauty and warmth for me within,  
But 't is not enough for me!  
I 'd give it all just to make come true  
What I 'm thinking all day of you.*



## Finality

O LIFE! *How like unto a book*  
    *Wherein our inmost souls may look.*  
*Time relentless writes it all:*  
*Deeds of greatness and deeds quite small;*  
*Pages of anguish, and loss, and fears;*  
*Pages of heartaches and blotted with tears;*  
*Pages of goodness, and pages of sin,*  
*And hard fought battles we had to win;*  
*Pages close written where Hope has dawned,*  
*While we were dreaming of conquests beyond;*  
*There are pages of love, and joy and peace,*  
*But by and by the book must cease;*  
*And so we take one last fond look:*  
*“The End”, we read, and close the book.*





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